



## The Things I Do for My Mother

*...by Joseph Irwin*

Don't you love your mother? Ever since I was a boy I had a dream, a big dream, a nice dream, and a good dream. I love to see that I put a smile on everyone especially my mother.

On one hot sunny day I was bored out of my mind. There was nothing to do and nothing to think of. I had to cut the grass, clean my room, and clean the gutters. Now by this time I was sweating like an ice sculpture in a scorching hot fire pit. It was also humid, very humid. Imagine it, being drenched in steamy moist sweat, yuck right? Well my mother just got home and I was going to ask her if she could take me to the beach until I saw that. There were filthy grimy mud spots on her car. I then rushed to the kitchen to grab a sponge, some soap, and a bucket. Racing through the walls of the hot steaming house looking for an exit, I ended up with the water hose in my hand. Anxiously water started to splash out trying to see the sunlight. Rinsing and washing the car while icy water cooling me off. My mother was thankful and so was I.



I figured that when my mother is happy, I'm happy. I was in English class when Mr. Merritt said that we were doing a project about kindness and my first thought was my mother. So everyone in the class did kind stuff through the week, and at the end of the week we had to choose the two best kind things we have done. I picked a letter to my mother thanking her for putting a smile on my face every day of my life. Now I will do the same for her.

Putting a smile on my mother's face makes me happy. I love the nice things I do for people and no one will take it away from me.

